

THE  
POPES COM-  
PLAINT TO HIS  
MINION CARDINALS,  
*AGAINST THE GOOD*  
successe of the BOHEMIANS  
and their generall Pro-  
ceedings.  
(17)

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*Non pacem petimus superi,  
Date gentibus iras :  
Nunc urbes excite feras,  
Coniuret in arma mundus.*

Lucan: Lib. 2. Pharsal:

381  
The Speakers Names:

Pope PAVLVS QVINTVS, A Burghesian:

BVRGHESEIVS }  
CESARIO } Cardinalls.  
ROMANO.

A Dominican FRYER:

PASQVILL.

Strangulat inclusus dolor atq; exæstuat in-  
tus:

Ouid. tristib: Lib. 5.

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THE

THE  
POPES COMPLAINT  
to his Cardinalls against  
BOHEMIA.

POPE.

O My *Cæsaris* ! what shall we doe now ?  
Since men dare thus our Proiects disallow :  
Deride our Curses, and make slight our Power,  
Scoffe at Religion, as if now the hower  
Were come indeed to pull downe *Babilon*,  
For so our Citie *Rome* they raile vpon.

They will no more our Indulgences haue,  
Nor Trentals, Dirges, Masses, doe they craue :  
They laugh at Purgatoryes flames and fire,  
Deny our Merits, onely doe desire  
Saluation from the Paision of our Lord,  
And all Our Canons are by them abhord :  
To heare the *Ave* Bell is made a sporte,  
Vnto Confession none will scarce resort,  
So that I feare, of Christian libertines  
We Atheists shall become, by outward signes :

*Cæsaria.*

Your Holines hath tolde a grieuous tale,  
Made faint my hart, my bloodies cheeke looke pale,  
I quake to haue You thus affrighted bee ;  
And yet there is no cause, for ought I see.

(2)

Pope.

No cause *Cesario*, why? I then begin  
To tell the cause: what care I for their sinne?  
Or whether men in world liue ill, or well:  
Or whether dying, goe to Heauen or Hell?  
Whether that Princes swell with heat of pride,  
Or doe make hatefull wares on-euery side?  
Whether whole Countries subjugate each other?  
Deny the Faith, and all their vices smother?  
So we doe holde Supremacie secure,  
Haue certaine wayes our *Annuals* to assure,  
Keep them in awe, that dare withstand our Curse,  
Blessing the meanes which doe enrich our Purse:  
So we our Glory and delights maintaine,  
Or else, what hath beene done is all in vaine.

*Cesario.*

Why so ye doe: who dare oppose your Plea?  
Who sendeth not for Blessings to your Sea?  
Who is not correspondent to your Will,  
Seeking your Holy pleasure to fulfill?  
Except some scatterd *Lutherans* of late,  
As Malcontents for their deboist Estate,  
Some scambling Scismaticks, penurious fooles,  
A fewe of Hereticks in wrangling Schooles,  
A common tricke of Sathan's for contention,  
As in all times the Church hath had dissencion:

Pope.

Some few! Aye me, how can you say some fewe?  
When that whole Kingdomes (as it is too true)  
Haue thrived in reuolts from our designes,  
And packing sentour Legats and Assignes:

Who

Who cares in *England* for our thretes or hate?  
*Scotland* is worlfe in matters of debate,  
In *Ireland* our Priests are made a pray,  
The other Northerne Kingdomes keep away:  
*France* is our eldest Sonne, but what can *France*  
Doe against him selfe, our Power to aduaunce?  
The *Netherlands* Tryumph for Their refection,  
And from their natvie Princes seek annection.  
To other Soueraigntie, and ne'r againe  
Will once obay, or *Austria* or *Spaine*:

But of all others, Curst be that proud Towne,  
Proud of a Fennish Lake to beare Vs downe:  
And as they thinke, impregnable to stand,  
Scorne all the Forces that may come by Land:  
These led the Dance, and these doe boast of Time  
Three hundred yeares agoe, that all their Clime,  
The *Zwitzers*, *Cantons*, and the *Grisons* haue  
Sought our Religious *Orgies* to deprave:  
And so by them was *Wicklife* taught to stray,  
And the *Waldenses* tooke the wronger way:  
Then followed *Hierome*, and *Bohemian Husse*,  
And other Satanists, who did discusse  
Gainst our good Discipline, and made a breach  
By *Germane* Factions, as their Church did teach:  
So that a Prouince I can scarce now name,  
Who as Apostal incurre not defame:

But neuer had the Deuill such a tricke,  
That strooke it home, and touch't vs to the quicke:  
To raise a Frier to withstand a Prince!  
O God how *Luther* dared not long since

Gemes.

Our mightie *Charles* affront vnto his face,  
And gainst our Sea proclaymed all disgrace;

But more then these? the *Grecian* Church complaines,  
That they are poor, and we haue all the gaines.  
They liue deprest, wee doe vsurpe their pride,  
They were the first, we tryumph on each side.  
So they had rather liue in seruitude,  
Then for the *Latines* any way conclude.

*Casario.*

If it be so, rowse vp your Holinessse,  
And be the same you doe your selfe professe,  
*Peters* successor, both to binde and loose,  
Open the Churches Treasure, and out-choose  
Your Bulles, your Curses, Fulminations,  
With all those Maledicting Relations,  
That haue in former times kept Kings in awe,  
And made the Empire subiect to your Lawe.

*Dominiche.*

With Reuerence vnto the Papacy,  
( And awfull care to *Peters* Legacy )  
Let a poor Frier open now his minde,  
For well I see there much remaines behinde:  
Alas, alas, what now will Curses doe?  
Or Bulles, or Threatnings? If they all put to  
Their helping hand, more then in former times,  
To make a scoffe at our poor Friers Rimes?

Not long agoe, we did begin with *Spayne*,  
Both Sonne and Father we thought to restrayne:  
But for the Father, *Burbon* sack't our Cittie,  
Teaching the Cloistred Nunneres to cry for pittie,

*Charles. 5.*

The

The Matrons, Virgins, wrung their hands for ruth,  
 To see such rauishments of chasteſt Youth,  
 Yea, all both ſortes and ſexes did lament  
 Those oufoule outrages, to their diſcontent:

And for the Sonne durſt *Aluaſ* Duke controule,  
 The *Conclauſe* and the *Pope* him ſelue, whose ſoule  
 He baited, hunted with ſtrong inference  
 Of Paſtorall duties, and more conſequenece  
 Of humane clemency, religious Zeale,  
 Humbled regard, and after did appeale  
 To Iefus Christ himſelfe againſt that Curſſe,  
 That made the Armies, and the Catife the worſſe:  
 And this was all wee got by our fine ſkill;  
 Which they call Tyrannie, as others will  
 Disclaime the like: For when our Father had  
 That Prince of Princes, ſo reputed bad,  
 That great *Elizabeth* out of the Churche  
 With Menaces cast, we fell in the Lurch:  
 She as a Rocke immoueable did stand,  
 And all our Priests were hated in her Land:  
 Yea, other Princes from their ſtrong Allyance,  
 Prepared to withstand our ſtrange defiance.

Come nearer home! what did our Threatning worke,  
 But rowſe the ſleeping Lyon, who did lurke  
 Cowchant before, and by *St. Mark* his Charme  
 Resolued was to doe vs no great harme:  
 But when we would not ſo appeaſed stand,  
 He Panther-like opened his stronger hand,  
 And ſhewod his Tallents, when within his reach,  
 The Prey was come: ſo *Venice* made a breach

*Philip. 2.*

Againſt

Against our Wallies : Yea, hilly *Sawoy* dare  
 To counterchecke our Discipline not spare,  
 And therefore sure when we are thus withstood,  
 These Bulles and Fulminations doe no good :

*Burghesius.*

Then doe as *Peters* vision biddeth vs,  
 Both kill and eate, what need we more discussse ?  
 If mansuetude cannot confirme our Sate,  
 Let slaughters on each side quench the debate :  
 Some, either loue or money will perfwade ;  
 Or hope of Blisse, such Tyrants to inuade :

*Dominick.*

O say not so ; this makes vs odious,  
 And is against Religion dangerous :  
 Looke into holy Writ, and you shall finde,  
 How Regicides haue still bene cast behinde,  
 The Captaines, that kild *Isbbosbistb*, were slaine,  
 And he which fell on *Saul*, lyed all in vaine :  
 Thus of the rest : But come to later times,  
 Prince of *Ornge*. Was not stout *Nassau* murthers counted Crimes ?  
 Reueng'd with punishment, abhor'd with hate,  
 And made a cause of malice, and debate ?

What got we by those *Henryes of France*,  
 Kild by our *Jacobines*, whome to aduance  
 With Saint-like honour, *Rome* did nothing spare ?  
 But then alas, the Princes did declare  
 Vpon the same, our enemies profest :  
 The *Hugonites* grewe strong, and did detest  
 Such crueltie, yea with Inuictiues durst  
 For that soule Sinnes, holde *Rome* her selfe accurst.

And

And as for *England*, as of late was seene,  
 The strange Attempts against that peerelesse *Queene*  
 (For so I needs must say, how e're wee know  
 Shee was seduced another way to goe : )  
 Affected with Remorse, such as so wrought,  
 That Catholickes themselves, e'ill of Vs thought.

But when I once the Powder Treason name,  
 I doe protest, I tremble at the same,  
 And must confess the Deuill disappointed,  
 By such a Stratagem 'gainst Gods annoynted.  
 For how so ere Kings in Religion faile ;  
 Yet *Cyrus* is Gods seruant to preuaile  
 In his designes, and they Vicegerents are  
 For good or bad, to manage all his warre :

Nay come to Fryer *Pauel of Venice* State,  
 Whose Life so many wayes was sought of late :  
 It makes me thinke vpon the stubborne *Jewes*,  
 Who *Pauels* good Doctrine did so much refuse,  
 That Vowes were made to kill him in the way,  
 But he preuented them : Thus, thus I say  
 To kill will doe no good, but cause the Foe  
 More stronger with an armed Guard to goe,  
 And raise a Scandall on your Fatherhood,  
 Tearing the Cardinalls the Serpents broode,  
 That haue no better meanes the Truth to teach,  
 But Lessons of soule Murther still doe Preach :

*Romanos.*

Then let vs doe as *Machabans* did,  
 When the poore *Jewes* were in the Mountaines hid,

For feare of proude *Antiochus*: take Armes,  
 Rowse vp our COURages with warlike charmes,  
 Summon our Friends, open our Treasures storer  
 Aduance the Churches Standard, and before  
 The Armies Catholicke with Blessings goe,  
 These Caitiffe Heretickes to ouerthrow.

*Dominick.*

This sauors better then the former twaine,  
 For this is Manly, Princely : Yet againe  
 How shall wee thus preuailingly proceed,  
 When our own Countries are not well agreed?  
 It is not now, as when our *Innocent*  
 Did treade vpon the Dragon, and was bent  
 To sommon *Frederike* to *Romes* high Throne,  
 Where that his Holinesse as on a Stone,  
 Did set his Foote vpon the Emperors necke,  
 The proudest Monarchies to counterchecke !  
 It is not now, as when three Dayes together,  
*Henry* the Third (though *Cesar*) in soule weather  
 Did Bare-leg wayte with his Empresse and Sonne,  
 Eu'n at your Pallace Gate : Men then begun  
 To reuerence the Church, and durst not stray,  
 From true Religion the wronger way:  
 It is not now, as when our *Pandulph* came  
 To Englands *John*, and taught him a strange Game  
 Of poore Submission, least French *Lewis* might,  
 Dismiss him of his Dignity, and Right !  
 It is not now, as when *Henry* the Fift,  
 That *Germans* Prince, his Father durst our Lif

From

From the Imperiall Seate at your behest,  
 And rais'd such Armies, when you did request!  
 It is not now, as when that you Deuisde  
 For *Millaine*, *Naples*, and great State premisde  
 For *Charles of France*, so deare to *Peters Chaire*,  
 So Louing, Carefull, True, and Debonaire;  
 That hee brought downe his Troopes to Vs amaine,  
 And surely ment the Empire to regaine,  
 When of *Constantinople* hee was Crown'd  
 Chief Emperor, and so most Warlike found  
 Against your then supposed Foe: Vntill  
 That *Panies* Battaille wrought a fatall ill!  
 It is not now, as when the Priests and Friers,  
 Stucke to their Beades with limited Desires,  
 And went no further then a motion,  
 To stirre vp men to true Devotion,  
 Were not transcendent in their Practises,  
 Nor past themselues in Forraine extacies:  
 For on my Soule, If euer *Rome* had crosse,  
 Or Subject must bee vnto greater losse:  
 It is the stirring *lesuistes* that wrought it,  
 And they as Clergy polliticks haue sought it.

Good G O D what hath Religion to doe  
 But with Religion, men to stirre and wooe  
 To Holy duties, Sanctitie of Life,  
 Peccance for sinne, to Cure debates and strife,  
 To sauе the Soules of such as goe astray  
 Like silly Ignorants the wronger way.  
 So that I know not, as the Cate now stands,  
 But Mischief is on foote in Christian Lands:

And to my feare I speake when you make tryall,  
The end will bee our Scottie, or worse Denyall.

You send to *Albert*, as a Grandsires Sonne,  
Not doubting but an Vnckles name hath wonne  
Much of regard: An answere foone is made,  
Hee Lives and Dyes vnder the ~~Austrian~~ shade,  
But las for him! These Flemmish Burgers range  
As farre as *Cleue*, and stand in euery Grange,  
Strong in their Courts of Guard, and will not yeeld  
To giue him way in any Towne, or Field.

You send to *Fraser*, why *Fraser* is scarce her owne,  
The Protestants then Catholickes are growne  
More strong, and such are their Great Princes Power,  
That no man knowes against them at this hower  
Who may preuaile: but onely this is plaine,  
They cannot spare a man to goe in vaine:

You send to *Philip* Catholick, and Sonne,  
Who hath so many Crownes, & Countries wonne,  
But how shall they be kept on Head secure  
Without great force? and how shall he endure  
To raise a forraigne Army for your sake,  
That was compeld a sodaine Peace to make  
With your worst friends? Expect not ayde from thence  
Sufficiently to further your pretence:

You send to *Pole*, hath *Pole* no Warrs in hand  
With *Turkes*, with *Swedes*, or with the neighbour Land?  
And are you sure the Passages are free,  
*Silesia's* Gates, and Countries opened bee?  
Is not *Lusatia* shut, *Moravia* gon,  
And how can *Poles* relief bee hoped on?

Except

Except some stragling *Cosacks* heere and there,  
As of all Nations you the like may heare :

As for the *Cantons*, *Swisse*, and *Grisons* stout,  
It is but folly for to goe about  
Their succor's more then Mercenary pay,  
And so to either side they make their way :

I neede not name your Principates about yee,  
Nor other Prouinces that are without yee,  
Of whome some watch the *Turke*, some are at jarre  
Amongst themselues, some for to raise a Warre  
Haue little meanes, lesse men, and lesser minde,  
And so must prooue vnto your Sea vnkinde.

But in a worde, the Princes are so strong  
Of this last Vnion, that the meanest Wrong  
Done vnto one, is done vnto another,  
A Brother cannot better loue a Brother.

*Pope.*

Then it should seeme, wee shall let all alone,  
And figh, and weepe, and crye, lament and grone :  
Pule at this outrage, kisse the scourging Rod,  
And onely like a Childe, crye out O GOD !  
Give way to Rumor, and with Patience,  
Beare the report of Shame with feeling fence.

One day doth bring vs newes, that *Baben* Dare  
Against their Emperour themselues declare ;  
Rejecting *Austria*, as it were in scorne,  
Forsaking Vs, as if wee were forlorne :  
Another Day reportes, the *Palatine*,  
With other *Lutherans* a League combine

That traytorlike haue Crowned him a King  
 Against his Soueraigne, and Encomions sang  
 For many good successses, as they thriue  
 In warlike Stratagems , and doe contrive  
 To raise more Forces, send abroad to Friends,  
 Proposing stranger thinges for stranger ends.

*Bohemia* has a Prince borne in the Towne,  
 The Warres preuaile, their Foes are beaten downe,  
 Our *Ferdinand* doth Droope, *Vienna* standes  
 As in a maze, folding their Armes and handes.  
 The people throng in heapes and flocke a pace,  
 In every Towne, to hearken our Disgrace :  
*Bucquoij* is beaten, and *Dampire* is fled,  
 the *Polish Cossacks* they are slaine and Dead :  
 The Troopes are ouercome, and in the Field  
 Two thousand lost, Foure hundred they did yeeld,  
*Anholt* and *Mansfield*, had a glorious Day,  
 Besides reuolters, who still runne away,  
 And leaue their Prince to serue a Strangers turne,  
 Oh that consuming Fier might them burne !

But heer's not all : for now to Vexe vs more,  
 Then either they, or Wee thought of before,  
 They looke for Ayde from *Brittaine*, Horse and Foote,  
 With vnbeleeued Sommes of Golde to boote :  
 Which *London* Heretickes of their free Guift,  
 For to disburse with Largenes haue made shifft :  
 Nay when they heare Religion is the Cause,  
 They flocke amaine without or stop or pause :  
 But when they talke of *Russes* great ouerthrow ?  
 They clap their handes for Ioy, and so doe show

Their

Their Hate to Vs, wishing no other Warre  
 Nor recompence for all their Coyne: Thus farre,  
 These heauy headed Dutch haue wrought their ends,  
 And doe increase, as wee decay in Friends.

*Cesario.*

Then I perceiue it needs must end with blowes,  
 And if successe attend: Our Lady knowes  
 To what a mountaine of soule Prodigies,  
 Their Pride may rise to with their Victories.

But are you sure the Emperor hath sent  
 For succour into *Spaine*, as it was ment,  
 Rather to breake off Peace & Leagues with all,  
 Then see the *Austrian* Diadem to fall,  
 And this me thinkes your Holinesse might moue  
 By speciall Embassie, and so reprove  
 Their great retardance, which hath giuen them leaue  
 Refractory to growe, as I conceiue:

*Dominicke.*

Then you conceiue amisse, nor are you wise,  
 To make your Passion author of aduise,  
 Greatest Designes attend on Circumstance,  
 And sauerie Pollicie must them Aduance:  
 For if hee start from *Eng/land*, as it stands,  
 Or breake the League with *Hollands* Netherlands,  
 How can Hee all these turnes supply together,  
 Or keepe his Nauy safe, from raging weather?  
 Whereas to temporise and to renue  
 A stronge League by Peace, this may ensue,  
 That all those Forces, which hee well can spare  
 With so much Treasure, as his Princely care.

May.

May husband for this purpose, shall be sent  
 Vnto th' Imperiall Townes incontinent:  
 Then with some more Security they may  
 From *Naples, Millaine, Sicell,* March away  
 Thoſe trayned Garissons, filling their roomes  
 With other *Spaniards*, and new come Groomes:  
 Yet take you heede, this can but once bee done,  
 And that's well ended, which is well begun:  
 But marke their Paſſages ſo hard to finde,  
 As *Swiffe* and *Griſons* proue to them vnkinde:  
 (For if your Holines wiſh for a Brother,  
 No way but this: You cannot name another)  
 From *Millaine* to *Vienna* muſt they goe,  
 Ouer fiue Mountaines full of Ice and Snowe,  
 And in the Summer, which is ſtrange to tell,  
 It is not for their Marches halfe ſo well:  
 Yet in extremes there is no remedy,  
 Patience beares out the greateſt extacy.  
 Well let them goe, health and good Spirits guide them,  
 And all the Saincts of Heauen goe beſide them:  
 For I am ſure, whether they March or Troope,  
 The third man in the Trauaile needs muſt Droope.

*Burghesins.*

Then holy Sir your Legate ſend to *France*,  
 Who cannot but this Caufe as much Aduance,  
 Or rather more: For *France* is eldeſt Sonne  
 Vnto our *Rome*, and ſhould with eaſe bee wonne.

*Dominick.*

Are you a *Conclauſiſt*, and know no more,  
 Of *France* her State? you might haue heard before

That

That *Condé's* Prince, and others of esteeme,  
Would with their bloods Religion redeeme;  
And stand againt all Edicts vpon their Guard,  
Hoping at last to haue a good award:  
Yet for all this hath *Ferdinando* Writ,  
(How euer *Bolloigne* did mislike of it : )  
That some Commaunder might him Forces bring,  
With loue and liking of the youthfull King,  
Nor did hee thus, as barely, without charge:  
But in good Tearnmes declare his minde at Large.

Most Noble Prince remember *Charles* the Great  
Supported *Rome*, and got th' Imperiall Seate:  
As of the Church only Protector cal'd,  
Which was by *Gothes* and *Saracens* enthral'd,  
And thereupon is *France* the eldest Sonne,  
And for true valour hath such honour wonne:  
Then be not now to Catholicks vnkinde,  
But let vs your Reliefe as Princely finde.

A second Inference he had from Blood,  
Which seem'd amongst the Statists neer as good:  
The *Emperour* was Uncle to the *Queene*,  
As may within the Records well be seene:  
This he enforst from bond of Amitie,  
Arising out of Consanguinitie.

A third was Morall, from protection  
Of other Princes in rejection,  
Oh for to help distressed, is a glory,  
As you may read in many an ancient Story.

The fourth had ground vpon good Policie,  
Of iust reuenge to scourge iniquitie:  
Reuolts I meane, and disobedience  
To lawfull Kings, from a strong inference

Of Treason in their soule enormous Crimes,  
As hath appeared in all moderne Times:

The fitt was taken from a Holy feare,  
Least that the *Turke* might of these troubles heare,  
And so the youth of *Oshman* awake,  
Aduantages of our Distresse to take,  
And then no doubt they might repent too late,  
That e're they durst the *Austrian* house amate.

*Borghesius.*

And was not this well Vrg'd? nay was it not  
A president for Princes to haue got,  
Of excitation 'gainst so great a Foe,  
That sure will worke more mischife and more woe?  
If *Poland* heard of this, or *Russia*,  
If *Denmark*, *Pomeran*, and *Persia*,  
If Triple Crowned *Brissaine* knew it sure,  
Hee would the same as forcible endure:  
If *Venice*, *Sandy*, *Florence*, and the rest  
Were taught this Lesson, they would count it best:  
Yea eu'n the *Cansons* and the *Saowy Vales*,  
Could not repute it as some olde wiues Tales:  
But for the Good of *Christian* Nations,  
The League make strong by Combinations.

*Dominick.*

I doe confesse it hath some outward shew  
Of a preualent Reason: But on to goe  
The dogged Duke of *Belloigne*, as I heare  
To *Burbon* and the rest a Dangerous Peere,  
Hath answerd all: Retorting Argument  
To *Austria*, thus of greater Consequent..

Touching the First: *Religion* is no Plea!  
Nor *Ferdinand*, did so affect our Sea:

But

But eu'n the *Catholicks* of best esteeme,  
 Were still enforst their Freedomes to redeeme;  
 Affrighted were with Cruelties, and Pride  
 Of *Austria*s house extended on each side,  
 Found Great *Mashias sterne*, this man too heady,  
 Vnconstant, Cruell, and in Truth vnsteady:  
 And now they liue vnder this Nouelift  
 More quiet farre, as doing what they lift.

The second with like reason Answer had :  
 The greatest Monarchies (though ne'r so bad)  
 Were Fathers of their Kingdomes, and to looke  
 Vnto their Subjects Peace, which they forsooke  
 As Tyrants, if they brought them to a Warre  
 Against their willes, of perill, or too farre :  
 And how could *Frances* dilacerate her State,  
 Empty her Treasure at so great a rate,  
 Send Forces to a Forraine Prince, and leaue  
 Her Natiuе children ? This were to bereaue  
 Them of their dearest Liues: For why at home,  
 Mischiefe enough in euery Towne did rone.

Besides, vnto *Bohemias* King there is  
 So great Allyance, if I doe not misse,  
 That neuer Prince in any Age had more,  
 Nor could Catalogue luch a Role before :  
 Great *Bristaine* by his Daughter calls him Sonne,  
*Denmarke* and *Norway* on his side are wonne :  
 The one an Vncle, as is *Braunswicke* knowne,  
 The other as a Friend with *Sweden* growne :  
 The Prince of *Orange* is so neere in Blood,  
 That I am sure hee'le doe him any good.  
 His other Kindred come from *Brandenburgh*,  
 With many a Count, and Duke of *Wittenburgh*,

I name not *Bolloigne*, nor Confederates  
 With many Princes in their best estates,  
 Nor doe I twenty Prouinces recite,  
 With all their Lords of full sufficient might,  
 Who are his owne : so that (if Reason yield)  
 They must be drawne into the bloody Field.

- 3 As for the third, the matter that doth drue  
 The Mill, doth drowne it : For if you contrieue  
 The Argument from former charitie,  
 Or Lawes of Nations louing amitie,  
 To ayde distressed Princes : then hach *France*  
 Farre lesse to doe the *Austrians* to aduance,  
 Then help the *Palatine* : For who knowes not,  
 When they had newes of both our *Henryes* got  
 And of their murthers, they did laugh out right,  
 As if they meant remonstrance of despight :  
 And when Duke *Nemours* to *Masbias* went,  
 They with a scornfull Answer home him sent,  
 Bidding yong *Lewis* looke himselfe about him,  
 And no way meddle with the thinges without him :  
 For why, the Message had relation  
 Vnto the concord of each Nation ?  
 As for the *Palatine*, he friendly stood,  
 And with great sommes of Money did them good :  
 Therfore if that the succourlesse haue aide,  
 To help *Bohemia* they are well appaide.

- 4 The fourth did no way fasten well together,  
 For Treason or reuolts ( euен choose you whether )  
 Were different in States Elective, and  
 Such as by Claine of Heritance did stand,  
 Nor was the *Austrian* house enfeofft so sure  
 Vnto the Empire, but it might endure

Fraction of numbers : As for President,  
 They haue example of great consequent :  
 First *France* the Westerne Monarchy possest,  
 How e're the *Germans* could it not digest :  
 Then they contriu'd a strong Election  
 Conditionall in the reiection :  
 Nor is it Newes an Emperour to haue,  
 From other *German* Princes layde in Grane,  
 And so hath *Hungar* and *Bohemia*  
 Had Kings at once, though not of *Austria*,  
 And therefore this had poorest Inference,  
 As hauing to that Crowne a reference ;  
 So that to name Reuolts in such a case  
 Vpon the scanning would the cause Disgrace.

As for an Interceding, which they bring,  
 That *Ferdinand* was chosen once their King,  
 Compulsion they doe Answer is no Lawe,  
 And then the Faction kept them all in awe :  
 So that it was not orderly contriu'd,  
 But soone Reuerside by such, as now surui'd.

The last was weakest of them all : The *Turke*  
 Would by this meanes all *Europe* set on worke :  
 Nay saide the *Bolloigne* Duke, if it bee so,  
 There is no fense against the King to goe.  
 Forthen the Warres must needs protracted bee,  
 And greater troubles wee shall dayly see :  
 The onely way our strength for to Increase,  
 Is for the Emperor to aske a Peace,  
 And with the King of *Boheme* to Combine  
 A League of amitie, or else resigne,  
 As from the First, vnto Election  
 Of the Seauen Princes, whose connection

Maywell, if all State matters so dispose,  
 As perfect Friends be made of greatest Foes:  
 Thus writ the Duke, and sauour how it list,  
 How er'e your Holines may thinke he mist,  
 As not acquainting *Rome* with these euent,  
 Yet wrought it to the People great contents.

*Romanus.*

Rather then thus: eu'en I my selfe will goe  
 To *Turke* and *Tartars* for their farther woe:  
 What, shall our Father and the Church submit  
 To Traiterous Hereticks? We'll none of it:  
 But raise vp Strangers to defend our cause,  
 To vnderstand our Canons and our Lawes,  
 To breake the necke of contumacious pride,  
 And whip these drunken Scismaticks beside:  
 And if the *Goshs* were cal'd The Scourge of God,  
 We'll bruise them with a *Mabumetan* Rod.

*Dominick.*

Come, this is frency and no policy,  
 No Zeale, religion, nor morallity:  
 Because a finger akes, we therefore cut  
 The whole hand off, and so still foolish, put  
 The body vnto cauterising paine,  
 As hauing greater cause still to complaine:  
 For thus haue Kingdomes lost their liberty,  
 And subiect bene vnto captiuity.

*Britaine* for succour sundry Nations cal'd,  
 Who in their seueral times their freedomes thral'd,  
 The barb'rous *Irisb*went for *Dermonds* Rape  
 To *Englands* King, and so they did not scape.  
 The *Grecian* Empire called Strangers in,  
 Who presently did all their Countries win:

Yea

Yea Spayne hath felte the like, when Julian Count,  
 In reckoning vp disgraces, did surmount  
 In his reuenge about his Daughters crosse,  
 When by the Mores it had so great a losse.  
 And this will be the end of Turkish aide,  
 Nay, in my soule I further am affraide  
 That Rome shall feele their tyranny farre worse  
 Then any Warre, or Hereticks foule curse.

Pope.

Yet somthing must be done; shall we giue way  
 To all these Treasons, and not once assay  
 To adde a Cataplasing vnto this wound,  
 Which will the body of the Church confound?  
 Shall we let Ferdinand be thus abused,  
 And Spayne dispis'd, when Austria is refused?  
 No sure, if God help not, the Deuill must,  
 If euer man, or s kill, or Arte did trust.

Dominicke.

O say not so, your Holines may take  
 A calmer course, and all extremes forsake:  
 Dismisse the bloody Jesuits from hence,  
 With all strange Projects doe your selfe dispence,  
 Abstaime from murthers, cruelties and rage,  
 Doe not the Church exotickly engage,  
 But send abroad some holy Priests of Name,  
 Who may with quietnes discourse their blame,  
 Dispute with reason, and religious care,  
 Teach them, offoule Damnation to beware,  
 Plead out for Conscience, and true loue of God,  
 Who else will whip them with a scourging Rod:  
 Urge their obedience vnto Kings of worth,  
 Whose Gouvernment such profit bringeth forth.

Of.

Of Peace and Plenty, that what e're befall,  
 They doe Religious Zeale professe in all :  
 O 'tis a comfort, When that men be wrought  
 By gentlenes to God, and so are taught  
 To yeeld by Loue, and not for slauish feare,  
 Which makes but temporising, and doth beare  
 Two faces in one hood : Therefore deare Sir  
 Be rul'd by mee, and worke no further stirre.

*Pope.*

Come *Pasquill* I will talke with thee : For these  
 Doe not my humour nor my fancy please ;  
 What Councell dost thou giue, what shall be donne  
 To worke the good of this Imperiall Sonne ?

*Pasquill.*

Who I ? of all the world you wrong me more  
 To aske Aduise of me : Why ? I haue store  
 Of stranger Newes ! I must proclaime a troth,  
 Which Vncompeld I would bee very loth.  
 I am to tell you Wonders, Prodigies,  
 Inuetiues, Satyres, Rimes, and prophesies,  
 There's not a Worde of mine, but must affright.  
 Ill tuned Songs by day, slumbers by night,  
 Affrighting Starres, and Apparitions,  
 The burning Element with Visions :  
 All tending still vnto a further matter,  
 Then either Priest, or Cardinall dare clatter.

*Pope.*

Nay, like enough : eu'n Speake and spit thy gall,  
 I am resolu'd, and meane to heare it all :  
 When that theworst is past then better sure  
 Shall bee proposde for Patience to endure.

*Pasquill*

Why this it is to stirre a sleeping Dogge:  
 I all this time lay like a fencelesse Logge,  
 But seeing now I vtter must my minde,  
 Blame me not Sir, though I doe proue vnkinde,  
 For sure the hand vpon *Belfazers* wall,  
 Did not so much, as my Tale must appall:  
 That onely knokt the knees, and strooke amaze:  
 This sunders heart and life ! Nay doe not gaze,  
 For though I sing a Song of vncouth ruth,  
 Yet I doe vowe to answer nought but Truth.

They are with *Popes* and *Cardinals* so bolde,  
 That all at *Rome* is now for Money folde:  
 They talke of Tales in their mad Bedlam fitte,  
 That *Nancleres* and *Platina* hath writte  
 'Gainst Two and twenty *Popes* of feuerall names,  
 Who folde to Sathan vnto all their shames  
 Their very soules for Necromantick spels,  
 Had diuers Magicke skils from sundry Hels,  
 Working affrighting terrors in the Land,  
 Euen in that place, where *Rome* it selfe doth stand.

They talke of Incest, Murther, actes of Treason,  
 Of Sodomytry, and without all reason  
 Name fortie sixe Delinquents in these kindes,  
 Bishops Apostolickes to please their mindes.

They Catalogue 'gainst *Cardinals*, with store  
 Of soule Inuectives : what would you haue more?  
 There's not a sinne the Deuill euer bred,  
 But hath the *Cardinals* stood in some sted:  
 Nay, they goe further, and a semblance make  
 From *Affricks* monsters, As you there doe take  
 Notice of stranger Beasts, then are else-where:

So *Rome* begets such sinnes, as All doe feare  
 A worse reuenge, then *Sodome* at the first  
 Felt, when in wrath the God of Hosts them curst.

They talke of Antichrist, of lyes, and wonders,  
 Of Plagues and pestilence, of stormes and thunders,  
 Of miracles, which *Cestrus* doth recite,  
 With other Authors, who long since did write  
 What strange euent in *Pontifcean Sea*  
 Passed for currant, as a formall Plea.

They talke of irreligion by the way,  
 Of falsifying Scripture, Nay they say  
 There's nothing there but diuelish Heresie :  
 And filthy Scismes, sauering Apostacie :  
 Adding withall, a Friers deadly hate  
 To burne vp *Magnanee*, though it was too late :  
 Onely because Printing was there inuented,  
 Which All the World so much hath since contented.

They leauie not so, but raise the dead to speake,  
 With thundring terrors hardned harts to breake.  
 They from the *Sybits* Tales portentous tell  
 Of Antichrists damnation into Hell,  
 That *Rome* shall be devasted, set on fier,  
 Pul'd downe to rubbish, by those that desier  
 Her vter ruyne, wish her pride abated:  
 And this amongst them all is ofte related.

They forward doe proceed to holy Writ,  
 Which they auerre onely to ayme at it  
 With Character of whorish *Babilon*  
 The filthy Strumpet: Thus they cast vpon  
 Her beauteous face soulest aspersions,  
 Naming her *Isabel* by false inuersions.

The Pope himselfe they call that man of sinne,

And

And when so er'e to murmur they begin  
 Against our Churches flourishing, they say  
 A fatting Beast is kept for slaughter day.  
 They roue at Brimstone, Sulphur, fier and flames,  
 At Sword and Famine, and at stranger names,  
 And all for *Rome* demolishing: O God!  
 The very naming is a scourging rod.  
 From *Johns Apocalips* they forward goe  
 To strange Predictions, and a hundred shewe  
 Of our owne Saints and Writters, 'gainst your Seat,  
 And with our owne rods doe the Carkas beat.  
 Some talke of one *Baptista Nazarus*,  
 And of a Monke surnamed *Lazarus*:  
 Some of an Abbot *Isachimus* tell,  
 Who of these thinges doth write exceeding well.  
 Some *Paracelsus* name, *Laurentius*,  
*Theodricke, Merlin, and Hieronimus*,  
 Some of *John Wolfius* and *Grebnerus* speake,  
 Whose Prophesies with terrors out doe breake.  
 Some *Nostradamus, Gallus, Reymer*, name,  
 With dittiers others, who long since defame  
 The glory of our *Rome* and holy *Pope's*,  
 Seeking to blot out all religious hopes.

Not thus content, they come to *Hildegard*,  
 A Saint and Nun, who sentence did award  
 To this effecte, that *Rome* should purged be  
 By sword and fier, as some Age shall see.  
 They cite *Matilda* a professed Nunne,  
 Who for her holines such credit wonne  
 She plainly saith, that *Rome* must be destroyed,  
 Because her filth hath all the world annoyed.

*Elizabeth* another Sainct is brought,  
 Who by a stranger Prophesie so wrought,

That very Boyes the Day and time durst name  
Of deuastation, to your vtter shame.

Saint *Bridg<sup>is</sup>* was a fourth, of fearfull noate,  
Who in her time cryed out with open throate  
'Gainst *Popes* and *Popes*, 'gainst *Rome* and all her glory,  
And of her Prophesies made a whole Story.

The last Saint *Katherine of Siena* was,  
Who brought as much discomfot : For alas  
She talk'd of nothing, but repent, or die,  
For *Babilon* must fall : The God on high  
Had so disposde ; and *Rome* was *Babilon* :  
I dare no more : and thinke, that what is done  
You raisde it vp, as if a darkning Clowde  
Should threaten rayne, when that the windes belowde.

*Pope.*

Now out vpon thy soule wide mouth, thy tongue  
Out-rooted shall be, 'cause it is too long :  
A Myne of Powder shall thy body blowe  
Into the Ayre, and all thy ashes throwe  
Into the Sea, that no more memory  
Be made of this thy rauing extacy :

*Pafquil.*

And that were wisely done, b<sup>t</sup> Sir, take heed,  
From *Hidras* c<sup>t</sup> off head seauen other breed.

*Pope.*

And dar<sup>t</sup> thou speake againe ? then let's away :  
I will not for a greater mischiefe stay :  
For sure I see, that all the world's delighted  
To haue Vs thus abused, and despighted.

- FINIS.

*Terror ant fas is bac pauidam prafagia pibem,*  
*Sed maiora preuent :*                   *Lucan. lib : 1.*

J

P



